III. Coniuratio & Remissionem (Bonds)

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Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs
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by satans_dolly_boy666

Summary

In my head sounds his voice, "I forgive you... Will you forgive me?"

Before I close my eyes, I already know my answer.

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As you will notice, with the Hannibal series I am a little more poetic when writing (or perhaps boring) but I promise that if you at least listen to this: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7ni3puspsyU as you read it, you will feel the urge to weep a little. Well, I guess.

I looked at my child, she is alive. I feel relief, almost joy. And then I saw him behind. As I was hoping, he gave me a surprise, just as I wanted to give him one. Nothing was as I planned.

"You were supposed to leave..."

"We couldn't leave without you"

With a sigh, he stares directly into my eyes with an expression between affection and melancholy; he touches my face, and then, he gives back my own betrayal to him.

While he stabs me, I ensure to not look away. I embrace fate, and I embraced him as well.

“I let you know me... see me. I give you a rare gift...But you didn't want it.”

The sorrow of deceit in his voice, only I was able to hear it.

I just replied, *“...D-din't I?"*

He is no longer smiling. *"Did you really think that you could change me, the same way I did to you?"*

Reckless, I thought.

“I already did.“ He wanted to be my best friend; he, a serial killer, a cold-blooded and lonely human, craving my company and feeling hurt because I did not accept what he offered.

“I forgive you, Will. Will you forgive me?”

For a few seconds, I was not understanding the meaning of his words. Then I thought of Abigail; I panicked, I begged, ignoring the pain of my body and my own blood coming out of me.

And then the *punishment*.

For not accepting his gift, my daughter suffered the consequences of my actions; he took another of my children away from me, once again.

I cried a helpless and desperate lamentation, *"no"* I said, over and over again; he was listening, but he did not give me the pleasure of keeping her.

At this point, I completely ignored my own pain, but not my suffering. His face is near mine, and almost as if it were the whisper of a mother, he tells me:

“You can make it all go away. Put your head back. Close your eyes. Wade into the quiet of the stream.”

That was his goodbye.

I slowly dragged myself towards my child, I try to save her but the darkness begins to consume me gradually.

I no longer see the creature's dark facelessness, its horns or its long arms. Before I go to sleep, I look at Abigail one more time; I see blood everywhere, and I feel my world falling apart.

In my head sounds his voice, *"I forgive you... Will you forgive me?"*

Before I close my eyes, I already know my answer.

SHERLOCK-HANNIBAL

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